



the CRUMB

for this, Thursday the thirteenth, 1998, on behalf of the cold front



first off, today's schedule...

9a.m.	lecture	David Bradley	Little Theater
10-12:30	READING PERIOD<--(the one & only official authentic reading period...boy those booklets are thick)		
12 noon	Bread Loaf Singers meet		Little Theater stage
12:30	early lunch (today only)		
2-4p.m.	all workshops		see below for locations
4:15	guest reading	Linda Pastan & Stanley Plumly	Little Theater
5:30	cocktail reception		West Lawn
6:30	dinner		
8:15	reading	Richard Bausch Jeffrey Harrison	Little Theater
9:30	reading	1/2 of the Scholars	Little Theater

OK, listen up y'all...

- Norah Labiner's craft class is canceled.
- Sarah Schulman's Saturday 8/15 workshop has been moved to Friday, 8/14
(10:10a.m.-12:10p.m. in the library upstairs, Apple Cellar entrance)
- Can you carry a tune? Can you mouth really well? The Bread Loaf Singers is open to all of the mountain top community (including faculty, spouses, contributors, musical dogs, etc.). The organizational meeting is today at noon on the stage of the Little Theater. Even if you didn't fill out a form beforehand, you are very welcome. Tenors, Bases, and an accompanist are especially needed. (After today, they'll meet at 12:15 p.m.)
- There is **no** swimming in the pond on the Logan land. If that seems obtuse, it is, but there **are** plenty of places to swim—just ask the wise and all-knowing Front Desk Folks.

★ **Today's a little nutty.** We know, you just got here, the sky is wide, the landscape's lush—it's distracting. In light of that, here are the locations of today's workshops (those of you really paying attention may have noticed the same info on the cover of your packet. Keep noticing.) Since we're all workshoping at the same time today, (really the only day it's quite this quiet, since usually everybody doesn't meet at once) there's a chance that you won't meet your workshop at this same location again.

But today: POETS--->Ali-Blue Parlor; Collier-Frothingham; Flint-Main Barn; Frost-Barn 3; Orlen-dining room; Phillips-Barn 5; Wright-Fritz living room; FICTION--->Bausch-Library 1; Baxter-Library 2nd floor front entrance; Bradley-Library 2nd floor Apple Cellar entrance; Brink-Inn West Seminar; Cohen-Brandy Brook living room; Gilb-Treman living room; Hearon-Tamarack living room; Hegi-Barn East; Nunez-Barn 6; Schulman-Barn 4; NONFICTION--->Wilkinson-Barn 2; Williams-Barn 1



Oh those crafty craft classes... Craft classes scheduled for August 14th and 15th have sign up sheets which are posted on the bulletin boards near the Bloomfield stairs. (You know, near the office—you walked past them to register yesterday.) For these and all subsequent class lists, please note the limit of 30 spaces, and please do not sign up for (or attend) a class if 30 people have already registered. Really.

(**& speaking of that famous bulletin board**...it's a good idea to glance at it every once in a while. Lot's of time there'll be stuff posted there that you'll be glad to see.)



While we're on the subject of fame & bulletin boards... there is this Second Chance Lottery regarding meetings with agents and editors. Now, here's the thing: if you already have a first meeting, but would like to have a second, this may be a possibility if you fill out a slip and put it in the magic yellow box—across from our friend the bulletin board—by 12 noon today to enter yourself in a lottery for spaces. If you *haven't* yet signed up but would like a first meeting, walk briskly to the office as soon as possible (but certainly before noon).

There's this old tradition... of cartooning and whatnot for THE CRUMB. (Today's edition was greatly enhanced by the skillful Judy Budnitz.) If you like to doodle, draw, cartoon, collect oddities or overhear funny things, please contribute to THE CRUMB.



Publish in THE CRUMB.

Back in the day there was an incredibly short story tradition—a contest-y thing, if you will—that shall live again. Once in a while (or more often if it becomes really fun) we'll provide the first line of an amazingly brief story—we're talking 5 or 6 lines of CRUMB space. (Hint from my predecessor: don't worry about whether it's "really a story.") Leave your bits of brilliance in the CRUMB box by the office before dinner on the day the starter sentence appears.

Today's first line: The thing to do was not to recognize a threat.

So there are these readings... Oh the readings. Soon your butt will reform in the shape of a hard wooden chair. Readings are always in the Little Theater and, as you probably noticed, they are plentiful up here. Faculty, fellows, the scholars, your hard-working Administrative Staff, those amazing waiters—everyone's reading. And if you didn't find yourself on that rattled-off list (but are so-inclined), it's time to go sign up (on the aforementioned bulletin board) for the Open Mikes.

But you want to know about today... Today we have two guest readings—Linda Pastan & Stanley Plumly (their work is available in the library and, even better, the bookstore). Later tonight, Fellow Jeffrey Harrison, and Faculty member Richard Bausch will give it a go. And still later, in the cool, exhilarating night, the first half of the Scholar posse will hold forth.

Dear faculty & fellows... quotes, quotes, wherefore art thou?



Here's a little taste...



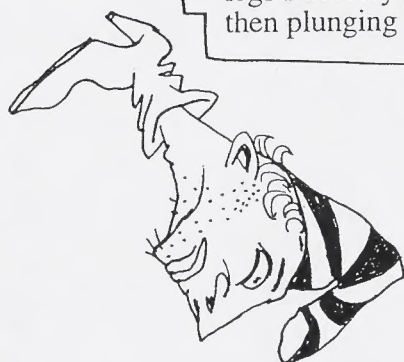
from "The Natural Effects of Divorce" in Rare & Endangered Species
by Richard Bausch

"Good thing we left when we did," Constance said, her voice trembling only a little. She...opened her purse and peered into it, for her cigarettes, no doubt—though now her bony features betrayed her, becoming faintly mournful, the watery, light blue eyes frowning with concentration, looking almost panic-stricken—and Tilson had a moment of feeling what it must be to have had her troubles...For that instant he was weirdly separate from her, felt the arc of her life as if it were the life of a stranger, and it made him wince inwardly. He watched, almost awestruck, while she began picking through the contents of the purse, as though somewhere at the bottom of it might be the one answer which would stop the progress of her bewilderment and her pain, and let her rest at last, rest at long last, those nerves with which she had, all those years, kept her brave smile turned upon the world.



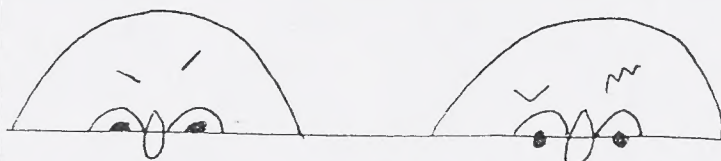
from "The Diver"
by Jeffrey Harrison

He was behind the wheel of his pick-up when the embolism hit his brain—no chance for him to take a breath before going under that last time, and yet the depth was too much to fathom when I imagined him down there, as in the old days: always outlasting me, his skin glowing faintly with an unreal whiteness when I took one final look at him in the dim light before rushing up in a cloud of mushrooming bubbles toward the mirrory underside of the surface, legs furiously pumping as my lungs collapsed—then plunging into daylight with a violent gasp.



Orphaned in the CRUMB box,
attributed to Anne Lamott at the Sun Valley Writer's Conference:
Our task is to write in spite of that.
Writers have two inseparable qualities: Grandiosity and self-loathing.
an anonymously donated quote





the CRUMB

Friday the fourteenth, 1998, three days before storytelling in D.C.



today's schedule...

9a.m.	lecture:	Charles Baxter	Little Theater
	"Inflection and the Breath of Life" (<-----description posted outside office)		
10:10-12:10	Workshops:		see below (or check front of your packet)
	Poetry & Nonfiction		
12:15	rehearsal	Bread Loaf "we need basses" Singers	Little Theater stage
1p.m.	lunch		
2:30-3:30p.m.	craft classes		see below for locations
4:15	reading	Carol Frost & Helena Viramontes	Little Theater
5:30	Open Mike		Little Theater
6:30	dinner		
8:15	reading	Terry Tempest Williams Eric Darton	Little Theater
9:30	Coffee & dessert reception		Barn
10:15	reading	other 1/2 of the Scholars	Little Theater

Here We go...

GARY "SKINNY-DIPPING ANYONE?" HAWKINS otherwise known as the co-king of the Little Theater is acquiring a new wardrobe in his kingdom. So far he has a poncho and a hat. (He says he's looking for a pair of sling-back shoes. Did he look Under the Feet of Jesus?) Are you missing stuff? Perhaps it's time to talk to Captain Hawkins and retrieve your things.




There will be a **CRAMP RACE** on Sunday...(more to come)

THEY'RE TOWING YOUR CAR. Really. Route 125 isn't a place to park. You know that broad stretch of asphalt in front of the Barn? The one with all the vehicles? *That* is an amazing place to park. (Really top notch.) And being towed is a bummer.

ALEC WILKINSON is looking for someone to spend a few hours a day—morning, afternoon, or early evening—with his four-and-a-half year-old son, Sam. Great pay, *excellent* benefits. You can leave a message in his mail box or call 388-7198

SERIOUSLY. SOS... Any EMT's with us here at the Conference? If so, we'd love to know. Please go identify yourself to the Front Desk as soon as possible.



   PAGE **Two**

PHOTOS* will be taken as follows today:

Waiters before lunch (12:30) outside the east end of the dining room

Staff at 1:45 on the Inn front porch

Scholars 5:30 \

Fellows 5:45——> all on Treman porch

Faculty 6:00 /

**remember you have an order form in your information packet*

NOW, WHILE WE'RE TALKING IMAGERY... Orders are being taken for workshop photos (so you can pull them out in darkest February and remember who said they "liked the tone of your piece" and who suggested you rewrite the entire novel from the point of view of the utensil drawer) 9a.m. Monday at the front desk is the deadline & you'll have to *fork* over \$12 upon ordering.

YIKES, WAS THAT THE ONLY READING PERIOD? GARY "THAT BREEZE FEELS GOOD" HAWKINS SAID IT WAS OK TO GO SWIMMING.... Whoops, today's workshop locations: POETS---> Ali-Inn West; Collier-Library Up (front entrance); Flint-Barn 6; Frost-Barn 3; Orlen-Barn 4; Phillips-Barn 5; Wright-Barn West; NONFICTION---> Wilkinson-Barn 2; Williams-Barn 1

WHERE ARE TODAY'S CRAFTY CRAFT CLASSES?... Bausch-Barn 1; Reiken-Barn 3; Schulman-Barn 4; Orlean-Barn 5

SOMETIMES WE'RE A LITTLE REPETITIVE HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN... All this scenery can wipe away little facts and so we like to mention them again and again. And again. Here are 2 encore pieces of info: Norah Labiner's craft class is canceled. **AND: Sarah Schulman's Saturday 8/15 workshop has been moved to Friday, 8/14**—as in today—(10:10a.m.-12:10p.m. in the library upstairs, Apple Cellar entrance). & if you're still parked on Route 125, please move your car. Thanks.

AFTER THE NAKED POETRY TUTORIAL... Open Mike is at 5:30 today. If you signed up for a slot, now is the time to sit quietly and remember how long five minutes is and see if your piece is the right length. Gary "drop-trou" Hawkins will be flicking on the brightest of lights to help keep time. If you aren't reading, plan to attend. Andrea Barrett was once a contributor here. Come hear your comrades...

FROM OUR DEPARTMENT OF REDUNDANCY DEPARTMENT... For those of you who have meetings scheduled with agents and editors it is absolutely vital that you attend one of the following two seminars: Janet Silver of Houghton Mifflin (fiction/nonfiction) and Martha Rhodes of Four Way Books (poetry) will be giving overviews of the publishing industry (in the parenthesized genre) in the Little Theater on Saturday. The schedule is structured so that this overview will help prepare you for your subsequent meetings. Please attend! Otherwise the incoming agents and editors may be immersed in a sea of repetition, again and again, besieged by the same haunting questions they answered before—and that couldn't possibly be a pick-me-up.

OVERHEARD AT BREAKFAST...

"Oh my God, I need buildings! Where are the buildings? I want a taxi and some car alarms!"

THREE

HOW DO YOU SPELL SKINNY DIP? Gary spells it often. But we don't often spell your name and certainly not your email, so if you noticed typos/mistakes in the address list, please tell the office immediately. They will accept corrections (print clearly or type) until Sunday at 6p.m. An addenda will be printed and distributed to everyone's mailbox by Wednesday.

GUESS WHO JUST GOT HERE... Today's guests are Will Allison, managing editor of STORY; Janet Silver, Editorial Director at Houghton Mifflin; Sarah Heekin Redfield, the director and founder of the Heekin Foundation; and Martha Rhodes, founder and director of Four Way Books. (Further bios were sent to you and are also posted near the office.)

DRUMROLL, please, Gary... Thanks to all who entered.

The **INCREDIBLY SHORT STORY** contest winner is Jonathan Brady with this tale:

The thing to do was not to recognize a threat. Better to stare the old man down and pretend that you hadn't quite heard him correctly or, if you had, that the name Digger Johnson meant nothing to you.

That you didn't remember the taste of your own sweat on the leather of Digger's gloves, didn't remember the canvas thumping you on the head, had no recollection of the crowd's shocked gargling and gagging as you lay there near the end of the wrong round.

And if you didn't remember that, then the old man couldn't expect you to remember his desiccated mug, and so blackmail was out of the question.

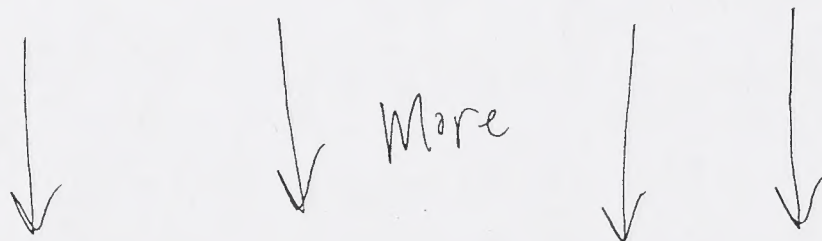


THERE'S STILL THIS OLD TRADITION... of cartooning and whatnot for THE CRUMB. (Today's edition was greatly enhanced by talented veteran Norton Girault.) If you like to doodle, draw, cartoon, collect oddities or overhear funny things, please contribute to THE CRUMB.

& here's a little taste of today's readings...

from Under the Feet of Jesus
by Helena Viramontes

Carrying the full basket to the paper was not like the picture on the red raisin boxes Estrella saw in the markets, not like the woman wearing a fluffy bonnet, holding out the grapes with her smiling ruby lips, the sun a flat orange behind her. The sun was white and it made Estrella's eyes sting like an onion, and the baskets of grapes resisted her muscles, pulling their magnetic weight back to the earth. The woman with the red bonnet did not know this. Her knees did not sink in the hot white soil, and she did not know how to pour the baskets of grapes inside the frame gently and spread the bunches evenly o top of the newsprint paper. She did not remove the frame, straighten her creaking knees, the bend of her back, set down another sheet of newsprint paper, reset the frame, then return to the pisca again with the empty basket, row after row, sun after sun. The woman's bonnet would be as useless as Estrella's own straw hat under a white sun so mighty, it toasted the green grapes to black raisins.



from "Compatibility"
by Carol Frost

It was like the makeshift walking of geese toward water,—a settling into themselves and, with a fiercer and fiercer grip, a testing of the untried other. How safe they'd been before they touched and he asked her one thing which she meant to resist but was unable to. How beautiful to keep one's fabled eyes closed:—Was another's body not like some bright obstruction? But they, as if they knew nothing, opened entirely, bending to two wills, striking down vanities, feeling what lay deep inside—the darker compatibilities—until love seemed casual, not just related. Their sinuous tongues used the word, over and over, without speaking.

from LEAP: A Traveler in the Garden of Earthly Delights
by Terry Tempest Williams

So this is how we dream the world into existence, a flickering of light, brushstrokes of belief. On our backs with a quivering of lungs, we paint the great herds into being, above and below. In the secrecy of caves, illumined, we create what we need to survive. An artist's hand on stone. A hunter's heart revealed. The bison's soul restored. Death rides on the back of the black bull. The bull's blood runs—the moon pulls its red tide out. And here in Altamira, the paint drips, the blood drips into underground pools of water. Eternal cavernous prayers

from Chronicle of the Ship of Fools
by Eric Darton

The young criminal drinks his coffee with cream so much sugar you could stand a spoon up in it. Ashlike crumbs of his devoured toast speckle the robust china dish with *Rikers* imprinted in gray on the white institutional glazing. On the counter next to his plate lie a dime and an Indian Head nickel, buffalo side up. Toast and coffee costs a dime. The nickel's for her. *Big spender*, Dottie thinks as she rings up the cash register which sounds like the sleigh ride she could really use in the heat wave. So well greased is the shaft of the stool formerly occupied by the young criminal that it is only now that its spinning comes to a halt, warmth emanating from the leatherette covered cushion—a perfect orange disk like the sun creeping over the cornices and flashing on the tracks outside Goity's window.

All good hats are made of nothing. —Oscar Wilde

&, finally, truth rings forth like fiction...

INS admits error
in handicap case

WASHINGTON — The Immigration and Naturalization Service will expedite the citizenship application of a disabled man that was delayed for 15 months because he could not give a full set of fingerprints, officials said yesterday. Tai Klement, 26, who was born with shortened arms, has three fingers on his right hand and two on his left. His citizenship application was delayed because of an administrative error, INS spokesman Greg Gagne said. "We're trying to accommodate his schedule and finish this by the end of the month," Gagne said. (Washington Post)

Courtesy of Ted
"Institutional Gumshoe" Weesner's
Boston Globe



A LITTLE RAG CHOCK FULL OF VITAMINS AND FACTS YOU NEED

Saturday the 15th. 1998... boogie night

today's schedule...

9am	lecture:	Agha Shahid Ali	Little Theater
		"A Darkly Defense of Dead White Males" (<-----description posted outside office)	
9am	sign up for Williams' Hike posted		front desk
9-10am	presentation	Sarah Heekin Redfield	Barn 1
	re: Heekin Foundation Fellowships & \$\$ for writing		
10:10-12:10	Workshops: Fiction	see below (or check front of your packet)	
10:10-11:10	presentation	Sarah Heekin Redfield	Little Theater
	re: Heekin Foundation Fellowships & \$\$ for writing		
11:20-12:20	publishing presentation	Martha Rhodes	Little Theater
		Four Way Books (poetry)	
12:15	rehearsal	Bread Loaf Singers	Little Theater stage
1pm.	lunch		
2pm	publishing presentation	Geri Thoma	Little Theater
		Elaine Markson Agency (fiction/nonfiction)	
2:30-3:30p.m.	craft classes (poetry)	see below for locations	
4:15	reading	Lesley Dauer & Sigrid Nunez	Little Theater
6:30	dinner		
8:15	reading	Norah Labiner	Little Theater
		Carl Phillips	
9:30	DANCE		Barn
	FILM: "A Dry White Season"		Little Theater
	BOARD GAMES		Blue Parlor (BYOB)



Ah yes...

"A DRY WHITE SEASON" will be shown tonight at 9:30pm in the Little Theater. Based on Andre Brink's novel, the film stars Donald Sutherland, Marlon Brando, and Susan Sarandon. Tomorrow morning at 10am, the topic of **film adaptation** will be bantered about in the Little Theater by a **panel** moderated by Ted Perry. The film based on Bausch's novel The Last Good Time will be screened on Sunday night at 10pm in the Little Theater. You might try to see both movies if you plan to attend the panel discussion.

WHERE ARE TODAY'S CRAFTY CRAFT CLASSES? Orlen-Barn 1; Caston-Barn 2





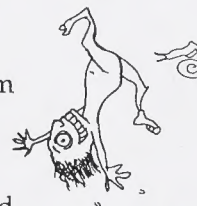
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CRAMP RACE on Sunday...So sayeth Jen "what, me run?" Calder: "The Writer's Cramp footrace is scheduled for 10am **tomorrow**. There will be a runner's division and a walker's division, and prizes will be awarded to the first three finishers in each of these categories. It's a three mile fun-run, and a great way to recover from tonight's revelry." To participate, show up at 9:45am on the front porch of the Inn. Questions can be directed to Jen Calder in the office.

HAVE YOU EARNED THIS ENDING?.... Today's **workshop locations:** FICTION---> Parini (Bausch)-Barn West; Baxter-Library 2nd Floor; Bradley-Library 2nd floor-Apple cellar entrance.; Brink-Inn West Seminar; Cohen-Barn 1; Gilb- Barn 5; Hearon-Barn 3; Hegi-Barn 4; Nunez-Barn 2; Schulman-met yesterday.

GARY "tweet tweet" HAWKINS LEADS NAKED NATURE STALK OF WILLIAMS' BIRD WATCH WALK... (I guess talk to Gary for that.) To sign up **for Terry Tempest Williams' Sunday bird-watching hike**, sign up at the front desk. The limit is 20 folks (Gary can't watch more of you than that at once.) and will run from 9-11am tomorrow.

SHOOT, I FORGOT MY WICKER BASKET. There will be a **picnic at Frost cabin** at 1pm (not 2 like it mistakenly said on those adorable grubby green schedules) on Sunday. See tomorrow's **CRUMB** for transportation info. That's where lunch will take place, **not** in our charming **dining room** (by the way, any ideas about the Mark Twain tiki voodoo doll in the grass skirt by the back window near the salad bar? What is up with that?). Should you find yourself confused *even* after reading the **CRUMB** (as if!) query at the Front Desk.

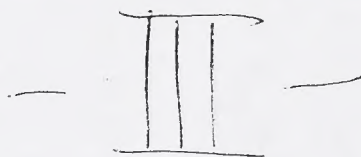


YEAH, OK, SOMETIMES WE'RE A LITTLE REPETITIVE HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN...BUT WE'RE ALWAYS CHANGIN' THE DETAILS ON YOU! FROM OUR DEPARTMENT OF REDUNDANCY DEPARTMENT AGAIN...For those of you who have **meetings scheduled with agents and editors** it is absolutely vital that you attend one of the following two seminars: **Geri Thoma**, an agent at the **Elaine Markson Literary Agency** (who is graciously standing in for **Janet Silver of Houghton Mifflin**) (fiction/nonfiction) and **Martha Rhodes** of **Four Way Books** (poetry) will **give overviews of the publishing industry** (in the parenthesized genre) in the Little Theater on Saturday. The schedule is structured so that this overview will help prepare you for your subsequent meetings. **Please attend!** Otherwise the incoming agents and editors may be immersed in a sea of repetition, again and again, besieged by the same haunting questions they answered before—and that couldn't possibly be a pick-me-up.

AGENT/EDITOR ETIQUETTE...Editors and Agents may want you to tell them about your manuscript—and you are welcome to bring it with you to your individual meeting—but you should not expect them to carry it away. If you are interested, they will invite you to send it to their office. In other words: **they really hate being ambushed. BUT WHAT IF MINE'S REALLY GOOD?** There are exceptions to the aforementioned: As noted previously, for meetings with **Amy Holman**, please bring a **small sample** of your work and the name of 2 published writers whose work is something like your own. If you have an individual conference with **Martha Rhodes**, you may hand in **up to 10 pages of poetry** for her to review prior to meeting with you. Turn in to front desk by 6pm tonight.

MRS. PEACOCK IN THE BLUE PARLOR WITH A CANDLESTICK...Mystery/Crime writers **discussion group** will meet today at 5:30pm in the Blue Parlor. We were just kidding about the candlestick. It was a flashlight.





SHAVE THE CO-KINGS OF THE LITTLE THEATER? Ray "I've Got Clippers" McDaniel has volunteered. Which has something to do with the fact that Ian "Mountain-Man" Pounds **wagered his big bushy beard** against Gary "Ooh What a Draft" Hawkins' head of wavy brown hair. We at THE CRUMB aren't entirely clear about the scoop here. All we know is: Ray is there for you guys. Sounds like a **lawn game** to us. Please feel free to offer up your 2¢. Do we want more of Gary's skin showing? Ian has had that beard for, like, years. Hmmm....

BACK TO MR. NAKED... In the Little Theater Jan Krebs **lost a blue raincoat** in a pouch. Gary isn't wearing it. If you are, please stop immediately and return it to the front desk. Thanks.

HOW DO WE REACH YOU PEOPLE? If you noticed **typos/mistakes** in the address list, please tell the office immediately. They will accept corrections (print clearly or type) until **tonight** at 6p.m. An addenda will be printed and distributed to everyone's mailbox by Wednesday.

SO, WHO JUST GOT HERE?...Today's **guests** are Carol Houck Smith, Editor-at-Large at W.W. Norton; David Baker, poetry editor at *The Kenyon Review*; Ellen Bryant Voigt, poet; Geri Thoma, agent—Elaine Markson Agency. (Further bios were sent to you and are also posted near the office.)

SOFTBALL GAME...Elizabeth Thomas, of BrandyBrook, would like to get a softball game together on Sunday afternoon. She has a bat, 3 balls and 2 gloves. Anyone interested in playing should drop a note in her mailbox.

OH REVELERS, FESTIVE REVELERS. THE BATTLE HAS BEGUN between the early birds and the night owls. Porches are like giant megaphones around here for some reason, conveying your joy to people who would rather dream on their own, so if you're still up and hanging out after 11 **please be respectful and quiet** or bring it inside. The Barn is open and receptive to social activity. You might consider wandering up there in the wee hours.



THERE'S STILL THIS OLD TRADITION... yadda yadda yadda for THE CRUMB. (Thanks to Judy **Budnitz's naked people** and to Norton "Boogie Down" Girault.) If you like to dribble, drawl, cartoon, collect oddities or overhear funny things, please **contribute** to THE CRUMB.

OVERHEARD IN THE APPLE CELLAR:

"...you know, he's one of those guys who wants girls to get naked and throw fruit at each other"



& here's a little taste of today's readings...

from "The Fragile City"
by Lesley Dauer

We touch shoulders, sometimes, going by.
The slow turn of a cheekbone: sky looks the same each way.
These days you need a map to find your family.
So what? Development is the story of loss.
Someone might die in a taxicab. Someone might find his way home.

from Naked Sleeper
by Sigrid Nunez

Background is important. Things happen in the country that would never happen in the city. Things happen to people in strange places that would not happen to them at home. It isn't true that people who cross the sea change their skies but not their natures. We are different, depending on where we are. What kind of room we are in can be critical. Even how it is furnished. And the view. And the light. Landscape matters. A lot can depend on the season, the weather, the time of day. ("How much a small moon can do.") People do not want to believe this. It is not like wanting to believe, as Einstein said he could not, that God plays dice with the universe.

from "Tunnel"
by Carl Phillips

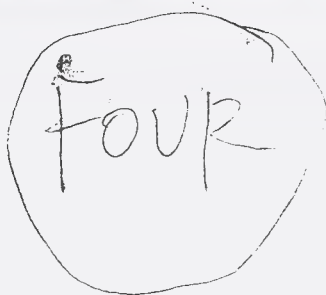
*Come now, if ever.
When it is raining this gentle
and the first thought is of semen,
and the second thought is of lilies
when by their own pale weight
they bend, sing to the ground something,
and the third thought is of
what joy or sadness can be
available to what is finally a lily
and can't sing.*

from Our Sometime Sister
by Norah Labiner

Understand that place means absolutely nothing to me. It is not the place, the home sweet home of it that I want, but that fact of how it was at the exact moment and the nauseating, bitter awful fact that once there was a we, a thousand of us, a legion of screaming children armed with cans, bottles, slurpees, mint wafers, Fritos, sack lunches, merit badges, plastic bats, squirt guns, Bubble Yum laced with spider eggs, silly string, mumps and worse and better, and I have absolutely no recollection of one grimy freckled face out of this teaming horde of us. I cannot, of course, even be sure that I was a member of this barefoot, salty-fingered militia. I was small. There was a world. It surrounded me. I fought the good fight. I adored sugar, television, and kitty cats. I was, as you can see, a good girl.

Questions neurologists ask patients with severe head injury: (thanks Rick Reiken)

Do helicopters eat their young? How many nickels in a week? Do you walk to work or carry your lunch? Is it warmer in the summer or the city? What's the difference between a duck?





the CRUMB

(HAIR OF THE DOG, EYE OF THE SNAKE, & A NAKED WAITER)

Sunday the 16th. 1998... on the eve of Bubba's big spill



today's schedule...

9am	bird hike	Terry Tempest William's	leaves from front porch of Inn
9:45	CRAMP RACE	organized by Jen Calder	front porch of the Inn
10:00	Panel Discussion (film adaptation)	Ted Perry, Andre Brink & more	Little Theater
12:15	rehearsal	Bread Loaf Singers	Little Theater stage
12:30<-----	<i>(depart for picnic at Frost Cabin. It's a bit of a walk & all)</i>		
1pm.	picnic lunch AT FROST CABIN!!!! ←		
4pm	OPEN MIKE		Little Theater
5:30	STORY magazine presentation	Will Allison	Little Theater
6:30	dinner		
8:00*	reading <u>(note: time change here)</u>	Jennifer Brice Judy Budnitz Dagoberto Gilb	Little Theater
10:00	FILM: "The Last Good Time"		Little Theater
11:00	music jam thing w/ David Bain		Barn



Tell it to me...

I PREFER WOOD PANELING... This morning at 10am, the topic of film adaptation will be bantered about in the Little Theater by a panel featuring Andre Brink, Ted Perry, Richard Bausch, and Jay Parini. The film based on Bausch's novel The Last Good Time will be screened tonight at 10pm in the Little Theater. Rumor has it that it stars Armin Mueller-Stahl, Maureen Stapleton, and Olivia d'Abo.

THE ROAD WE'RE TAKIN'... There will be a picnic at Frost cabin at 1pm today. That's where lunch will take place, **not** in our charming dining room. But how do I get there? you may be asking. It's easy. Walk down 125 toward town. on the SECOND dirt road, make a right (before the rest area) and then continue on that road up the hill. For those who need or would like a ride there will be a van running to and fro from about 12:30-1:15pm. Just sit on the front porch and wait. As to driving...No cars are allowed up that second dirt road. You may drive there and park at the rest area but not beyond. You can even sit and eat with your favorite waiter! Whoohoo.

AGHA SHAHID ALI's WORKSHOP... location (not today, be not afraid) has been changed from Inn West to Library second floor (Apple Cellar entrance).



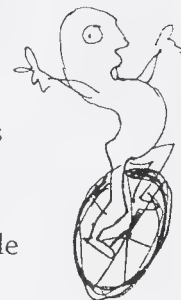


~ TWO ~

CALEDONIA! David Bain will be sitting in darkness at the piano tonight in the Barn—after the readings. Guitars, harmonicas, reed instruments, kazoos, washtubs, and ukeleles welcome. "Silly old R&B and rock will be the usual fare."

FUTURE STUDENTS OF CLAUDIA JOHNSON...If you signed up for Claudia Johnson's class please pick up materials at the copy center (aka office) and *read* them before the class.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, I HAVE TO CHECK MY EMAIL AGAIN! Today's Apple Cellar Hours are as follows: 10am-12noon; 3pm-5:30pm. Period. Give Chris a moment to himself. Breathe deeply. The email, no matter how eloquent, will wait. **AND WHILE WE'RE TALKING SCHEDULES...**the secretary's office will be open tomorrow from 8:30-9:30am and 3-5pm, but that's all.



HEY, EVERYONE ON THE 3rd FLOOR OF THE INN: And we quote "*Please, please, please don't slam your doors—especially after 10pm and before 8am. I know they slam on their own, just keep your hand on the knob and pull gently.*" HmMMM.

BE TOUCHED BY A PROFESSIONAL...Pat Schmitter, certified massage therapist is giving massages Mon, Tues., and Thurs. Slots are filling fast, so sign now at the Cornwall Clinic. \$50/hour (*well worth the price*).

OH YOU MOVERS AND SHAKERS....*Sometimes people who like to travel need help getting around. This is the ONLY TIME you will see these notices in the CRUMB. From now on if you need a ride/have one to offer, **please post such notices on the bulletin board outside the dining room.** Thank you, thank you, on behalf of the entire CRUMB staff. **Now:** If anyone is driving to Boston on Thursday and could take passenger, Alan Shapiro, please see Carol or Jennifer in the office; Martin Walls (box 2316) needs to travel to Burlington Airport on Saturday 8/22 in the morning. Anyone who can give him a ride or would like to split a taxi should get in touch.*

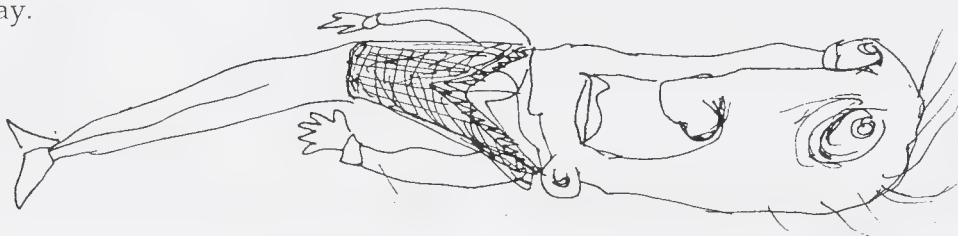
UM, NO VAN TO MIDDLEBURY TODAY.

OPEN MIKE at 4... is just what it sounds like. Open to any and all who'd like to hear what's going on. Ian "Bushy-Face" Pounds or Gary "In the Buff" Hawkins will be keeping time the *brightest* way they know how. Faculty, Fellows, and Scholars are welcome as well.

CRAMP RACE today... The Writer's Cramp **footrace** is scheduled for **10am today**. There will be a runner's division and a walker's division, and prizes will be awarded to the first three finishers in each of these categories. It's a three mile fun-run, and a great way to recover from last night's revelry. To participate, show up at 9:45am on the front porch of the Inn.

WILLIAMS' BIRD WATCH WALK...leaves at 9. Beware of naked theater co-kings. Meet on the porch.

SO, WHO JUST GOT HERE?...Amy Holman of *Poets & Writers*, and Louise Glück, poet arrive today.





YEAH, OK, WE'RE A LITTLE REPETITIVE HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN...

FROM OUR DEPARTMENT OF REDUNDANCY DEPARTMENT AGAIN.

AGENT/EDITOR ETIQUETTE... Editors and Agents may want you to tell them about your manuscript—and you are welcome to bring it with you to your individual meeting—but you should not expect them to carry it away. If you are interested, they will invite you to send it to their office. In other words: **they really hate being ambushed. BUT WHAT IF MINE'S REALLY GOOD?** There are exceptions to the aforementioned: As noted previously, for meetings with **Amy Holman**, please bring a **small sample** of your work and the name of 2 published writers whose work is something like your own.

INCREDIBLY SHORT STORY CONTEST—you remember the rules: by 6pm; no more than 5-6 lines of CRUMB space. **FIRST LINE:** She only handed him a snow cone, the way she's handed snow cones to thousands of men.

OVERHEARD IN THE DINING ROOM:

"...Oh those poets! They're like *rabbits!*"

WE LEAVE THIS TO YOUR IMAGINATION:

"It's *all* locked up, lessen I release it."

(—Michael "the boy with the confused heart" Loncar)

FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR OF *STORY* TO THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE *CRUMB*: "Keep your pie guts out of my face."

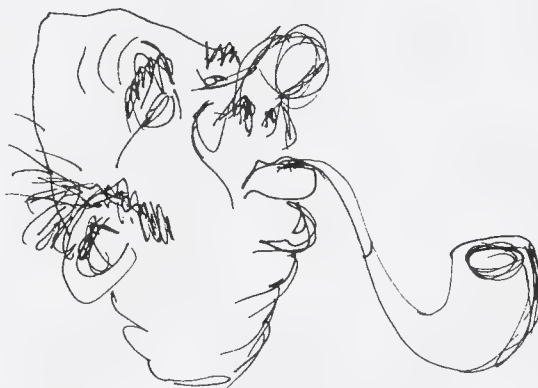
ON THE SUBJECT OF BAD DREAMS:

"I have an ongoing very difficult relationship with celery."

—a Fellow with alliterative initials

THERE REALLY IS THIS OLD

TRADITION...yadda yadda yadda for THE CRUMB. (Thanks to Judy **Budnitz's**)If you like to dribble, drawl, cartoon, collect oddities or overhear funny things, *please contribute* to THE CRUMB.



—four—

& here's a little taste of today's readings...

from The Last Settlers
by Jennifer Brice

Slana, Alaska is a crazy quilt community, complex and clannish, with wilderness lodges, saunas, rusting automobiles up on blocks, scratching chickens, satellite dishes, artists, ex-cons, fundamentalist Christians, Rottweilers, toy poodles, greenhouses with crops more dubious than tomatoes, and the scariest "No Trespassing" signs I've ever seen, including one that reads, "Hold still—I'm getting a bead on you."

from "Dog Days" in Flying Leap
by Judy Budnitz

The man in the dog suit whines outside the door.

"Again?" sighs my mother.

"Where's my gun?" says my dad.

"We'll take care of it his time," my older brothers say.

They go outside. We hear the shouts and the scuffle, and whimpers as he crawls away up the street.

My brothers come back in. "That takes care of *that*, they say, rubbing their hands together.

"Damn nutcase," my dad growls.

But the next day he is back. His dog suit is shabby. The zipper's gone; the front's held together with safety pins. He looks like a mutt. His tongue is flat and pink like a slice of bologna. He pants at me.

"Mom," I call, "he's back."

My mother sighs, then comes to the door and looks at him. He cocks his head at her.

"Oh, look at him, he looks hungry," my mother says. "He looks sad."

I say, "He smells."

from "Victoria"
by Dagoberto Gilb

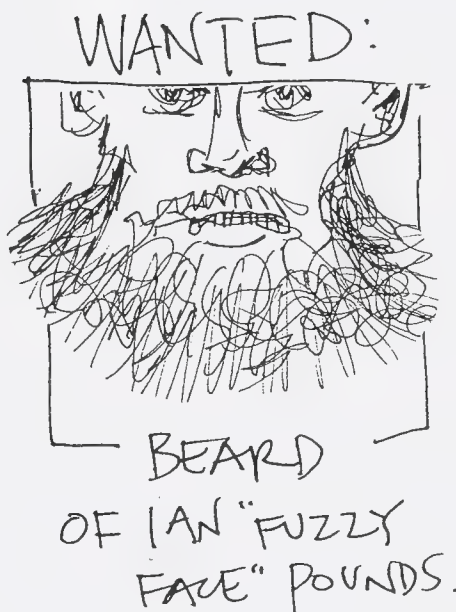
Victoria Principle, of "Dallas." She sat down a yard from me. Maybe less when I think of it. Yes, less. Expert with a carpenter's tape, I assure you, reconsidering it now, it was less. Her precious hips were between sixteen and twenty inches from mine once she sat down. I saw her coming before she sat. It seemed like a mirage at first, bad eyesight. And I didn't want to stare while she sat there. I was eating. I can't remember what I was eating. Tacos? Yogurt? I think of both when I strain to remember. I said hi. She turned and she said hi back. Victoria. She was very pleasant about saying hi, not self-conscious or worried, in that unnatural heat, about sitting next to me, a sweaty, dirty construction worker. Of course I wanted to talk. We both watched the boys in the red-coats sprinting, whistling. Did I want to offer her my food? I didn't want to tell her I was a fan. I didn't want to tell her I watched the reruns. I almost did say something. All I could think of: I'm a carpenter here. That would've been the opening. Once we got to talking I would tell her more about me, that I wasn't *just* a carpenter, but a writer. Really. I never told anybody that, but I would want her to know, to know that my working poverty wasn't without its other value—artistic, or spiritual, some higher implication like that.

QUOTE: "It's easy, after all, not to be a writer. Most people aren't writers, and very little harm comes to them." —Julian Barnes, Flaubert's Parrot

the CRUMB

"She didn't swallow, she didn't inhale, she just blew..."

Monday the 17th. 1998... Here we go...



today's schedule...

9am	lecture	Andre Brink	Little Theater
	"The Madness of Schehezerazade"		
9am	sign-up for RENGAs hike	John Elder	Front Desk
10:10-12:10	Workshops:		see below (or check front of your packet)
	Poetry & Nonfiction		
12:15	rehearsal	Bread Loaf Singers	Little Theater stage
1pm.	lunch		
2:30-3:30p.m.	craft classes in all genres		(see below for locations)
4:15pm	guest reading	Louise Glück	Little Theater
5:30	<i>Kenyon Review</i>	David Baker	Little Theater
	presentation		
5:30	Zachary Shuster Agency	Esmond Harmsworth	Barn West
	presentation		
6:30	dinner		
8:15	reading	Ann Townsend	Little Theater
		Alec Wilkinson	
9:30	coffee & dessert		Little Theater
10:15	reading	the amazing WAITERS	Little Theater

- TWO -

Baby, let me tell ya...

BUT I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND WHY YOU BROKE THE LINE HERE....Whoops, today's workshop locations: POETS--->Ali-Library Up (Apple Cellar entrance); Collier-Library Up (front entrance); Flint-Barn 6; Frost-Barn 3; Orlen-Barn 4; Phillips-Barn 5; Wright-Barn West; NONFICTION---> Wilkinson-Barn 2; Williams-Barn 1

WALK & WRITE? I CAN'T EVEN WALK & CHEW GUM... John Elder, author of Reading the Mountains of Home, will lead a Renga hike tomorrow morning from 9-12. It be more of a Renga *stroll* actually, a walk and writing exercise all bundled together. The Renga—so we at the prose-heavy CRUMB are told—is a Japanese poetic form. There is a limit of 12 folks on this hike so be sure to sign up early.

GIVE IT BACK... Somehow a Cannon Zoom camera wandered away from the dining room on Saturday night. Please return it. Bryan Foster is seriously bumming. He asks that it's kidnapper *at least* return the film to the front desk AND he's offering a reward, no questions asked. We at THE CRUMB offer this: you know the **creepy Mark Twain Tiki Voodoo doll?** Now you know it's purpose. It saw you. It will find you. It is very scary. Do not mess with Mark Twain. Return the camera.

A LITTLE MORE TO THE LEFT... Pat Schmitter, certified massage therapist is giving massages today, Tues., and Thurs. Slots are filling fast, so sign now at the Cornwall Clinic. \$50/hour (*well worth the price*).

CRAFTY CRAFTY CRAFT CLASSES: Parini-Barn 1; Sylvester-Barn 2; Hearon-Barn 3; Keene-Barn 4; Darton-Barn 5; Johnson-Barn 6--(Johnson's class please pick up materials at the copy center (aka office) and *read* them before the class.) **BY THE WAY:** Carol Frost's lecture for tomorrow has been changed to "Self Pity." A description is posted outside the office.

AND ON THE LOAF WE SAW SOME BIRDS... The Terry Tempest Williams bird walk yielded the following: Robins, Barn Swallow, Tree Swallow, Chimney Swift, Red-tailed Hawk, Chickadee, Blue Jay, Chestnut-sided Warbler, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Spotted Sandpiper, Cedar Waxwing, American Goldfinch, Magnificent Quetzal, possibly a Sharp-skinned Hawk, and they heard a Yellow-Shafted Flicker and a Golden-crowned Kinglet. Wow.

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE... Gay, lesbian, bisexual, trans. and otherwise queer writers are invited to an informal get-together tonight in the Blue Parlor at 7:30 for socializing, discussion, and maybe even the planning of a subsequent event.

I ONLY RUN WHEN CHASED But some of you nuts were up and charging off even after a big night of revelry. Winners of the 1998 WRITER'S CRAMP Footrace were: 1st place... Women's- Kellie Tabor (time of 21:34), Men's- Rick Reiken (a blistering 18:13); Second Place... Women's-Jennifer Brice, Men's- Hugh Coyle; Third Place...Women's Meredith Davies Hadaway, Men's- Ed Brown. and in the WALKER'S division- Mary Zoll. Huge congrats to all!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Sarah Messer who apparently turned 38 today!

THE WAITERS ROCK, and tonight they'll show you why they're *really* here. Definitely worth staying up.

~ 3 ~

SO, WHO JUST GOT HERE?...Esmond Harmsworth, agent with the Zachary Shuster Agency and Cindy Klein Roche, agent with the Palmer & Dodge Literary Agency, arrive today.

INCREDIBLY SHORT STORY CONTEST— The following is a compilation of entries from Graham Walker, and Gary Hyatt: She only handed him a snow cone, the way she's handed snow cones to thousands of men. She'd leaned across the counter; their fingers touching during the transfer.. "Hurry it up, okay?" His fingers had found candy wrappers, one small coin, and the stone he thought looked a lot like a frog. It was the second thing she said to him. He fled.

OVERHEARD IN THE DINNER LINE:

"...I don't want to bother you, but I do want you to know I'm available!"

OY:

"She's really cute, but she's married."

"So what. This is Bread Loaf."

& here's a little taste of today's readings...

from Big Sugar
by Alec Wilkinson

Caveman and Mr. John started to play. Caveman retired a trick. Mr. John said, "You know something about this game?"

Caveman said, "Yeah."

Mr. John said, "That's going to make me tighten up on you."

The room was long and narrow with a white ceiling, and cement walls that were red behind the bar and blue everywhere else. In back of the bar were a mirror and a jar of pickled pig's feet. There were two big posters with calendars on a wall by a pool table. One was "The Great Kings of Africa," and the other "The Great Queens of Africa." Beyond the pool table, where the room was darker, were tables and chairs and a juke box.

Caveman said, "Where all the ladies at?"

Mr. John said, "They ain't around."

In lieu of Ann Townsend's absent quote we give you this enjambed version of Beast Stalker by James V. Smith Jr. (author of Beastmaker):

He remembered the words of a country tune:

"I'm just a drink away from loving you."

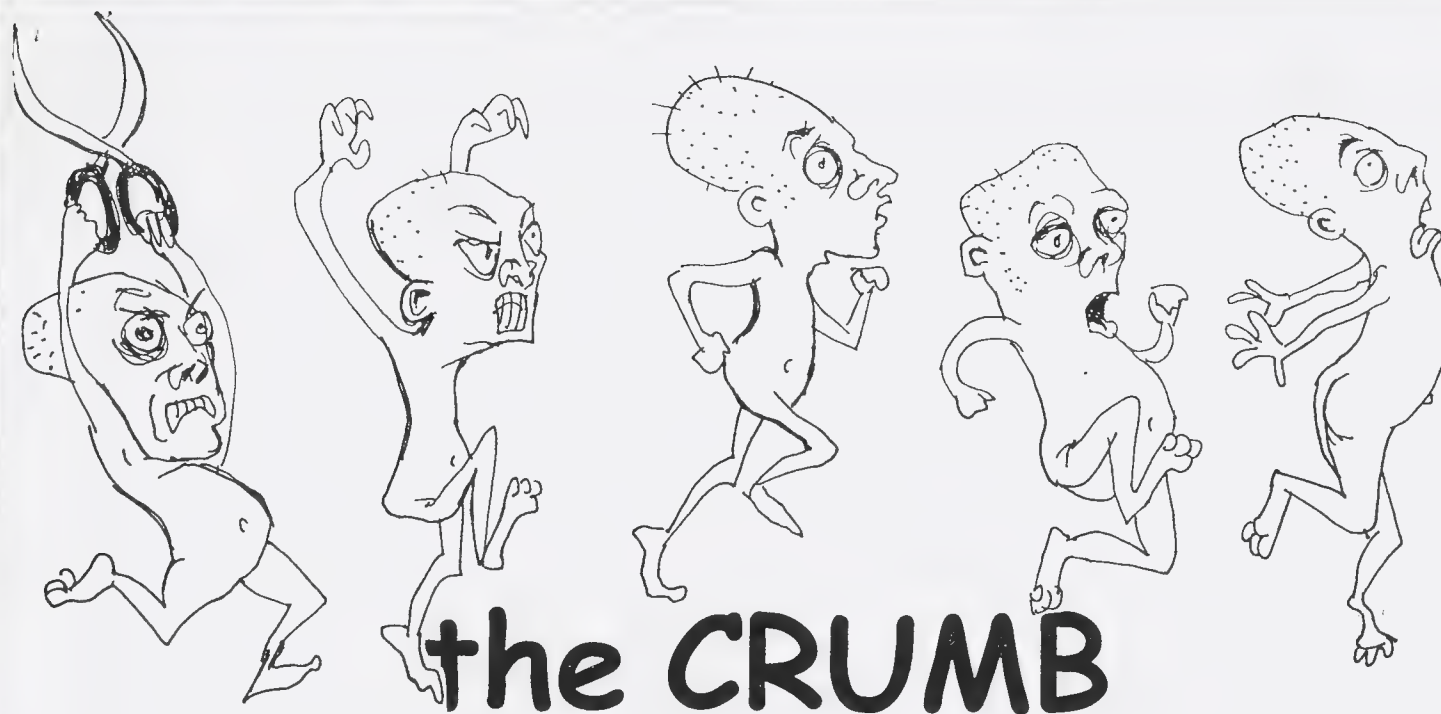
"What are you smiling about?" she demanded
in a hushed voice.

"Nothing. You don't have to whisper."

"Kirk," she said,
making the word sound
not a bit like
a first name,

"I don't know what this business is all about,
but it seems we're in it together..."

QUOTE: "Accuracy of observation is the equivalent of accuracy of thinking." —Wallace Stevens



Oh, let's just not talk about it.

Tuesday, August 18, 1998

today's schedule...

9am	lecture:	Carol Frost	Little Theater
	"Self Pity" (<-----description posted outside office)		
9am	sign up for Elder nature hike posted		front desk
9-12	Renga hike	John Elder	meet on porch of Inn
10:10-11:10	presentation	Amy Holman	Little Theater
	re: publishing Poetry & Nonfiction		
10:10-12:10	Workshops: Fiction		see below (or check front of your packet)
11:30-12:30	meetings	Alan Shapiro	Blue Parlor
	re: poetry publication		
12:15	rehearsal	Bread Loaf Singers	Little Theater stage
1pm.	lunch		
1:45-2:30	meetings	Alan Shapiro	Blue Parlor
	re: poetry publication		
2:30-3:30pm.	craft classes (poetry, nonfiction)		see below for locations
4:15	reading	m loncar & Sarah Schulman	Little Theater
5:30	reception & book signing		back Lawn by Larch
6:30	dinner		
8:15	reading	Patrick Kavanagh C.D. Wright	Little Theater
9:30	reading	STAFF	Little Theater

Talk to me....

WHERE ARE TODAY'S CRAFTY CRAFT CLASSES? Flint-Barn 1; Gewanter-Barn 2; Brice-Barn 3

I FEEL LIKE THE HAM SANDWICH ISN'T FULLY REALIZED.... Today's **work shop**

locations: FICTION---> Parini (Bausch)-Barn West; Baxter-Library 2nd Floor; Bradley-Library 2nd floor-Apple cellar entrance.; Brink-Inn West Seminar; Cohen-Barn 1; Gilb- Barn 5; Hearon-Barn 3; Hegi-Barn 4; Nunez-Barn 2; Schulman-Barn 6.

-TWO-



SHAVE IAN? Is it time?

24-36-14-HIKE... OK. The Renga Hike leaves from the front porch of the Inn at 9am. John Elder, the aforementioned, author of Reading the Mountains of Home is giving another hike tomorrow. To sign up for **John Elder's Nature Hike**, head to the front desk at 9am. The limit is 12 and, unlike today's adventure, this is no stroll. This, y'all, is a *hike*. (John Elder asks that participants on his hikes bring water with them.)

AMY HOLMAN is giving a presentation today about submitting poetry and nonfiction to magazines. If you plan to meet with Amy it is vital that you attend this presentation. Even if you do not have an individual meeting with Amy, it will be very valuable to attend.

CAN YOU SHOW ME HOW TO PRETZEL? Anyone interested in leading a (gentle) yoga class? Please contact Marla Felcher (box 2398)

SARAH MESSER IS ONLY 32 & IT'S NOT HER BIRTHDAY... nor was it yesterday, apparently. It's not nice to mess with the drowsy CRUMB editor in this way. We don't even have Steven Glass to fact check for us and it's late and the night is whispering. Things happen. Words take over and all those tiny slips of paper, carefully lettered with vital facts became petals or snowflakes or dried and crumbly leaves. We didn't mean to hurt any feelings, just to spread a little birthday joy. Here's some more, straight from the 32 *year-old* Sarah M: the-poet-m loncar is 42; Ray "clip this" McDaniel is 69; Jennifer Tonge is 21; Töüré who is a youthful 96.

BUT HAVE WE GOT A BIRTHDAY RECORD FOR YOU... Martha Clark, office staffer, queen of the back porch pizza party, resident children's movie official, and long-time Bread Loaf celebrates her 29th birthday today. This is Martha's 23rd birthday at Bread Loaf—undoubtedly a record!

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVE... Alan Shapiro, poet and editor of Phoenix Poetry Series (University of Chicago Press) will hold brief, informal one on one meetings in the Blue Parlor today about poetry publications. (Please bring along some of your poems.)

UM, IT'S FOR A FRIEND, COULD YOU PLEASE MAKE IT OUT TO "STUDMUFFIN?" Whatever you want. At 5:30 today there's a reception slash book signing in the Larch Well. Lawn-wise, that means out by the book store entrance. We at THE CRUMB predict reception-esque treats, receptive folks and plenty of pen-borrowing. *For your convenience, the bookstore will be open until 6:30.*

WHO TOOK SPIKEY?... Spikey is a small green truck and Spikey's missing. If found, please return to Sam Wilkinson. No questions asked.

~3~

FRIEND OF BILL? 12-steppers, there's an Open Meeting planned for tomorrow afternoon at 5:30 in Barn classroom #6.

COME OUT ON THE LOAF... Gay, lesbian, bisexual, and trans. writers are invited to submit a paragraph or a stanza of their work for inclusion in *QUEERLOAF*, a 'zine sampler of the spectrum of lgbt writers currently on the mountain. Please send your submissions to Aldo Alvarez (box 2412) by Thursday at 10:10am. so he can put the puppy together before the conference ends. Availability will be announced in *THE CRUMB*.

BEFORE HEADING BACK TO OTTOWA, THE CYCLIST, P. KAVANAGH, WANTS YOUR VOTE... You should have found an invitation to submit suggestions for the Bread Loaf Top Ten—our collective determination of the best English-language novels. Please leave the completed forms in the box outside the office before 2pm Wednesday. Which is tomorrow. That's so Patrick can have enough time to perform fancy Canadian mathematical acrobatics and present us with the results later in the week.

SO, WHO JUST GOT HERE?... Dan Frank, Editor-in-Chief at Pantheon, arrives today.

JUST FLY AWAY, WHY DON'T YOU? Plan to? If you need at some point to be airport-bound, you must notify the front desk immediately. Like now. Seriously. Tuck *THE CRUMB* under your arm and trot on over there. Taxi time and deposit requests will be posted later in the week.

(THERE'S STILL THIS OLD TRADITION... yadda yadda yadda *CRUMB*. (Thanks to Judy Budnitz's terrifying portrait of life here at Bread Loaf.) If you like to dribble, drawl, yadda yadda, yadda *CRUMB*.)

AN EDITOR OVERHEARD AT LUNCH:

"...a young man every 15 minutes—that's great. It's almost as good as an apple a day!"

A WAITER AT DINNER:

"You don't know shit about karaoke until you've gone to the Indian reservations in Northern Canada."

& IN THE HILARIOUS LAUNDRY ROOM...

"All your jokes invite *The Shining*—only with pooh."

& here's a little taste of today's readings...

- from *Shimmer*
by Sarah Schulman

...I was about to be face to face with my Negro neighbor for the first time...



- the undertaker look
(without the sympathy)
by m loncar

her
(the) illness
is incurable (with
bright patches)

she keeps waking up with hatchets
in the bed

(go ahead)
we owe it to this one (give
her the gun)

we owe it to her

(PAGE

FOUR)



- from "The Paradise Stone" in Gulf Topsails
by Patrick Kavanagh

Wish Butt makes the sign of the cross.

The boy mounts the bow of the punt, bends, grips the grapelin by shank and crown, hoists it above his cap, staggers, inhales deeply, and in his shrill voice bellows across the water towards the detail of houses roosting on the cliffside:

"DEPART FROM ME, YE CURSED INTO THE EVERLASTING FIRE!"

With that, in the style of a harpooner, he launches the grapelin.

The iron claw punctures the ripple with a great roil of bubble. The trailing hemp, bearded with kelp, uncoils snake-like from the roof of the cuddy, spirals madly over the gunnel and runs vertically—fast, faster, ever ever faster—until, just when it seems the loose tail will hurtle over the side and be lost, it expires, limp. In two vicious motions Wish tightens a clove hitch on the stem, as if strangling the throat of the punt...

- from "Key Episodes from an Earthly Life" in Tremble
by C.D. Wright

Those dark arkansas roads that is the sound
I am after the choiring of crickets

Around this time of year especially evening
I love everything I sold enough eggs

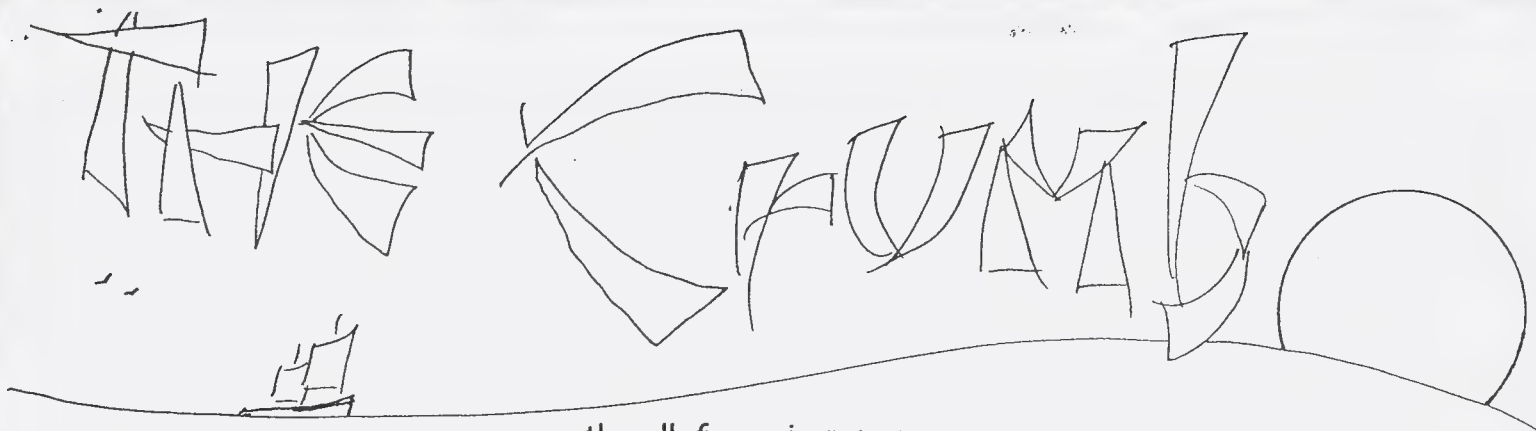
To buy a new dress I watched him drink the juice
of our beets And render the light liquid

I came to talk you into physical splendor
I do not wish to speak to your machine

Quote:

"Writing is the only way I know to demand justice from an uncaring universe." —Dorothy Allison





the all-focaccia paper
Wednesday the 19th. 1998

today's schedule...

8:15am	meet on porch for Elder hike-1, which departs at 8:30am		
9am	lecture	C.D. Wright	Little Theater
	"Hyena Uses Sweet Words to Inveigle the Stork"		
9am	sign-up for Nature hike-2	John Elder	Front Desk
10:10-12:10	Workshops:	see below (or check front of your packet)	
	Poetry & Nonfiction		
12:15	rehearsal	Bread Loaf Singers	Little Theater stage
1pm.	lunch		
2:30-3:30p.m.	craft classes in fiction		(see below for locations)
2:30	Talk on	Forrest Gander	Little Theater
	translation		
4:15pm	reading	Calvin Baker	Little Theater
		Steve Orlen	
5:30	Wesleyan Univ. Press	Suzanna Tamminen	Little Theater
	presentation		
6:30	dinner		
8:15	reading	Anne Caston	Little Theater
		David Bradley	
9:30	coffee & dessert		Barn
10:15	Open Mike		Little Theater

Yadda, yadda, ya-da-da...

I LOVE YOUR CHOICE OF FONT. I MEAN, IT'S JUST DEAD ON... Whoops, today's workshop locations: POETS--->Ali-Library Up (Apple Cellar entrance); Collier-Library Up (front entrance); Flint-Barn 6; Frost-Barn 3; Orlen-Barn 4; Phillips-Barn 5; Wright-Barn West; NONFICTION---> Wilkinson-Barn 2; Williams-Barn 1

8-19-98-HIKE... OK. The Elder hike leaves at 8:30am. Gather at 8:15. Tomorrow, John Elder will lead another hike (still a limit of 12) so if you want to sign up, head to the front desk around 9am. This second hike will also be a *hike*, so leave those sling-back stilettos in your room and be sure to bring water.

BREADGATE... Jeez, we admit it. We've been taping faculty lectures and faculty/fellow readings. Copies of some of the tapes (both audio and visual) are available at cost. Carol Knauss has a list of what we've got and order forms are in the office waiting for you to wander by. We'll take orders through September 15th only—shipment is expected in early January and payment is due upon ordering.

CRAFTY CRAFTY CRAFT CLASSES: Parini-Barn 2; Cohen-Barn 1; Hinnefeld-Barn 3

DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS...Falls. Texas Falls is a scenic place up the road and you just may get to visit. If you are interested in taking a van to Texas Falls for lunch tomorrow (departs 11:30am; returns 1:30pm) please sign up this morning at the front desk. Be not alarmed—there will be no hiking. A van will depart from the front porch of the Inn and bag lunches will be provided.

BELLY DANCING!...Seriously. Among the many talented folks gathered on the mountain this year, we have a contributor who is also an experienced belly dancing instructor. She is willing to schedule a one hour workshop if there are enough interested participants (apparently belly dancing is a great aerobic workout and certainly it would well prepare you for Saturday night's festivities. Who better to then challenge the Mosh King himself, Michael "Madman-In-His-Bare-Feet" Collier, than you?). Interested parties should sign up on the bulletin board outside the office and a time/place will be announced if the numbers warrant.

SO, WHO JUST GOT HERE?...Jordan Pavlin, fiction editor at Knopf, Suzanna Tamminen, editor-in-chief of Wesleyan Press, Christina Ward, agent, and David Michael Daniel, poetry editor of *Ploughshares* arrive today.

OPEN MIKE AT 10:15pm. Coffee in the barn beforehand. Then, you know the drill.

OUR FAVORITE SPELL-CHECK FACULTY: Agha Shahid Ali--> Ugh Shaved Lei; Alec Wilkinson--> Leech Wilkinson; Sigrid Nunez --> Sugared Nouns and Ursula Hegi--> Arousal Hedge.

IAN POUNDS, TOUCH THOSE FURRY CHEEKS. The clippers, resting by a bowl of stale pretzels, are a little bored and they know your name...can you hear them whispering? *Iaaan. Pouuuuunds.*

INCREDIBLY SHORT STORY CONTEST #3—Remember the rules? Use this first sentence to create a tiny story (like 5-6 lines of CRUMB space). C'mon.....give it a whirl, why don'cha? But hand it in by 6pm. **first line (& I swear these are from published books):** The unhappy tiger could not sit straight on his motorbike for three days and all the mechanics laughed at him.

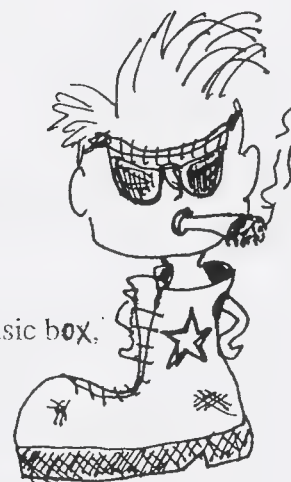
OVERHEARD FROM A "VEGETATIVE" SCHOLAR SPRAWLED ON THE TREMAN FLOOR:
"I'm just all out of friendly"

FROM A POST-WORKSHOP FELLOW ON THE DEWY LAWN:
"I am emotionally promiscuous regarding criticism"

& here's a little taste of today's readings...

from "The Stone Boy"
by Anne Caston

...I wish I could say that, some nights, standing there
in the moon-washed room, watching the boy
small and quiet in his crib as he stared past me, past the turning mobile and the music box,
the deep sweet darkness between us, the stars far off and burning,
I almost forgot my terror long enough to love him.



from "The Bondage Hypothesis: Meditations on Race, History and America—a work of creative non-fiction"
by David Bradley

...the beer is gurgling in my belly, and though I don't *think* I'm going to barf, regurgitation is more likely outcome here than brilliant oration. Mrs. Host slides her derrière into a desk sized for an eleven-year-old, without a bit of difficulty, and beams at me like an nuclear-powered lighthouse.

I want to sit down too; instead I swing into Black History Rap 204(b), a Cavalcade of Negro Notables: the black who sailed with Christopher Columbus; the black who mapped Louisiana Purchase with Lewis, Clark, Charbonneau and that woman whose name no one can properly pronounce; the black cowboys who wrangled steers on the Local Cattle Trail, the black cavalymen, whom the Indians called buffalo soldiers on account of their woolly hair, who made the Valley of the Neverheardofit safe for white men and Democracy.

By kicking Indian butt, I could add, but don't, because the object of this dissertation is to fit black Americans into the Expansion-of-the-Frontier theme that organizes standard history texts. Public school teachers appreciate such foolish consistencies; at dinner tonight, Mrs. Host will no doubt gush about *wonderful* it was for the children to have been *exposed* to me. The children do seem interested. Some even listen open-mouthed—though that might just be how they breathe.

from Naming the New World
by Calvin Baker



I sail in a ship all around the world. I have been to the lands of snow, the islands of the sun, the great spice ridge, and to the caves where gold grows. I have been to the moon but I did not step on it. The last thing I remember before I left home was my grandfather sitting in the courtyard watching as I diminished in the distance and asking, "Where are you going: how long will you be gone?"

I did not know. I only knew that when I returned I would be different. I would be hardened by the world.

Gun Before Butter ...(an Inspector Vander Valk Novel of Suspense) by Nicolas Freeling...a.k.a. Steve Orlen

A soundless nervous giggle.

"I get the feeling
that any second

my breasts

will light up

like two electric bulbs."

She

gave a slow

harsh sigh

and deliberately collapsed all her
straining

muscles.

"I'm afraid

you'll have a wicked job

getting my trousers off.

Oh Cambronne,

why does it take so long?

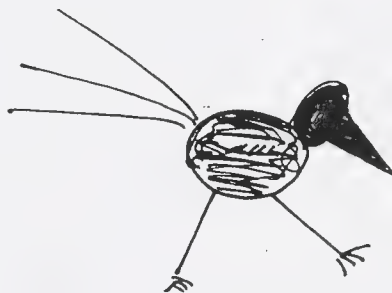
Here

let

me do my

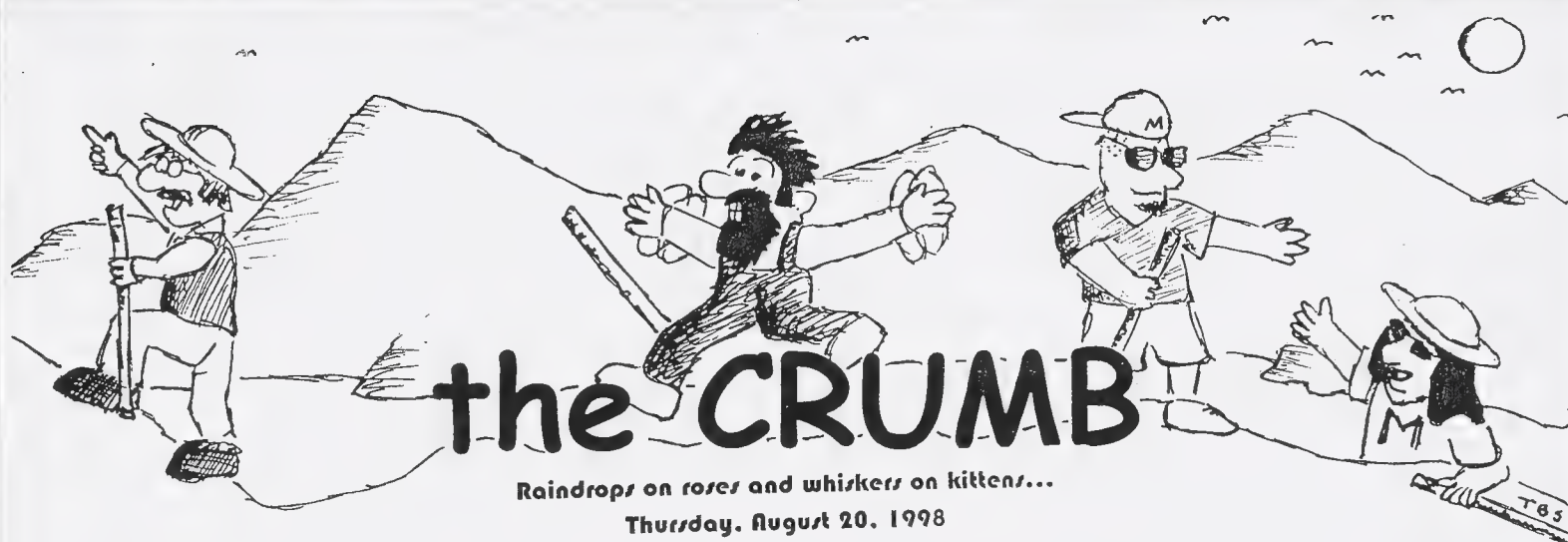
pants;

I know the trick of them..."



QUOTE: "Authenticity depends entirely on remaining faithful to the fundamental ambiguity of experience." —John Berger

(Thanks to Cate & Thistle & Joel for artwork!) (& to mysterious masthead creator)



today's schedule...

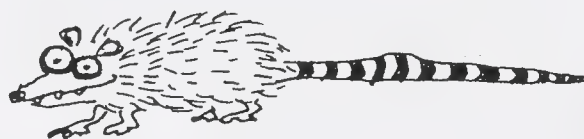
8:00am	hike departs (NOTE CHANGE)	John Elder	meet on porch of Inn
9am	reading	John Keene Joyce Hinnefeld Roland Flint	Little Theater
10:10	Open Mike		Little Theater
10:20-12:20	Workshops: Fiction		see below (or check front of your packet)
11:30	Texas Falls Outing leaves from Front Porch of Inn		
12:15	rehearsal	Bread Loaf Singers	Little Theater stage
1pm.	lunch		
1:45-2:30	meetings	Alan Shapiro	Blue Parlor
	re: poetry publication		
2:30-3:30pm.	craft classes (poetry, nonfiction)		see below for locations
4:15	guest speaker	Alastair Reid on Jorge Luis Borges David Daniel	Little Theater
5:30	<i>Ploughshares</i>		Barn 1
5:30	Open Mike		Little Theater
6:30	dinner		
8:15	Musical	Vermont Symphony Trio	Little Theater
9:30	coffee/dessert		Barn
10:15	Open Mike		Little Theater

Just spit it out, will ya....

TODAY'S CRAFTY CRAFT CLASSES? Phillips-Barn 1; Loncar-Library Upstairs (front entrance); Brice-Barn 3

YOUR PIECE IS SO....NARRATIVE.... Today's fiction workshop locations: Parini -Barn West; Baxter-Library 2nd Floor; Bradley-Library 2nd floor-Apple cellar entrance.; Brink-Inn West Seminar; Cohen-Barn 1; Gilb- Barn 5; Hearon-Barn 3; Hegi-Barn 4; Nunez-Barn 2; Schulman-Barn 6.

SHAVE IAN.



- TWO -

10 MINUTES FREE TO FICTION WRITERS! Workshops are starting late today, on account of the 9am Triple Crown. You have ten more minutes to buy coffee.

TRIPLE CROWN? It's a day of threes: 3 readers in the a.m. and **THREE** open mikes today.

ALASTAIR REID poet, prose writer, translator and traveler, has been on staff at *The New Yorker* since 1958 and will speak in the Little Theater today at 4:15 about Jorge Luis Borges—one of the many writers Mr. Reid has translated.

8-20-98-HIKE... OK. The Elder hike leaves at **8:00am**. Not 8:30 as previously announced! Tomorrow, John Elder will lead another hike (still a limit of 12) called "Naming Names with John Elder"—you can see the front desk for more information, but it's more of a workshop and stroll than a hike. Still, bring water whenever you walk with John Elder, and if you're interested in calling 'em as you sees 'em, or signing up, head to the front desk around 9am.

CONFERENCE CLAUSTROPHOBIA?...If you signed up for the van & box lunch/Texas Falls Outing, please remember to meet on the front porch of the Inn by 11:30.

ASK DR. CRUMB: Someone has asked the following of Dr. Crumb: "Are writers cautious about including words in their work that are difficult to pronounce in case they have to read aloud?" Dr. Crumb responds: Isn't that kind of like worrying, while trying to decide about the purchase of a green sweater, whether it might clash with the orange Ferrari you plan to buy if your book sells, gets optioned and then is made into a huge Hollywood Meryl Streep vehicle? I say if you like the sweater, buy the sweater. The real question is this: is it flattering?

SO, WHO JUST GOT HERE?...Wendy Weill, agent, and Alane Mason, editor W.W. Norton arrive today.

WHERE CAN YOU GET A PEEK AT ANDRE BRINK AND CARL PHILLIPS HUDDLED TOGETHER? In the NEW ENGLAND REVIEW's newest issue, which is available at the bookstore and full of great stuff.

WINNER OF INCREDIBLY SHORT STORY CONTEST #3—Roy Jones: The unhappy tiger could not sit straight on his motorbike for three days and all the mechanics laughed at him. On the third night he rode again. What a night it was, of terror, blood, and gasoline. Too late the greasy monkeys learned a tiger's last laugh is but a snarling prelude. Soon replete and seated on his Harley, the feline flipped his lit cigarette behind him, then raced to beat the shockwave. For weeks the city stank like burnt hamburgers off a grill with too much lighter fluid.

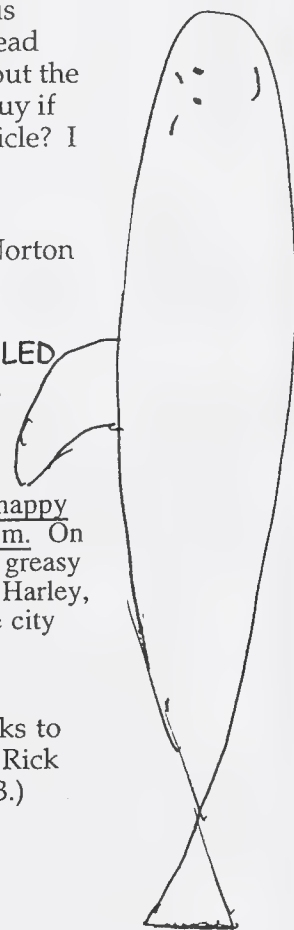
(THERE'S STILL THIS OLD TRADITION... yadda yadda yadda CRUMB. (Thanks to the amazing Buck Sleeper for today's masthead, to Sarah Messer for the raccoon, and to Rick Reiken for the sea creatures.) If you like to dribble, drawl, yadda yadda, yadda CRUMB.)

OVERHEARD AT LUNCH:

"It took me forever to pack to come here—I had to decide what image to project."

OVERHEARD IN THE BREAKFAST LINE:

"The people who were merely annoying three days ago, I'm now ready to kill."



3



& here's a little taste of today's readings...

from Annotations
by John Keene

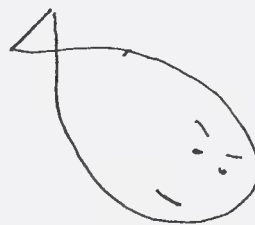
A small yet insubordinate squadron of impressions had laid siege to his consciousness since infancy. Everything reposed beneath a glaze of dew, which was each morning's way of announcing its arrival. The slow greening of the daylight through the shutter slats, or evening, when the gangway grew sullen with darkness. Chances are. Shadows appeared to creep across the floor, until you focused to discover them ants.

from "Jump Start"
by Joyce Hinnefeld

Some mornings she's seen one or two of their cars there at the clinic, Linda's maybe or Sandra's, and Patty can't make the connection between these slim girls in their tight jeans and their husky cigarette voices and the pictures of bloody babies that Father McElvey and the retards and the old women hold up in their faces when they walk out of the clinic. Because where, inside those skin-tight blue jeans, would a baby that size fit?

from "Pigeon In The Night"
by Roland Flint

Feels a little black hole in his chest
And knows it to be his heart,
Dense with the gravid night,
A black invisible diamond weighing in
With the cruel impacted build-up, the loss
Especially this morning, drawing all the others into it,
Of his own right hand, his heart itself,
For a while, his son gone forever.
He can't quite hang on to a pigeon when
The night bores in like this.



LIKE YOU HAVE ALL THIS SPARE TIME, OR SOMETHING. Mr. "weird ocean" has a vocabulary quiz for you: hawser; ursine; animadversion; ungulate; sesquipedalian; pullulate; spondaic; phosphenes; obviate; rapprochement. Ready, set, define....



the CRUMB

second-to-last

an ex-minimalist paper

Friday, August 21, 1998

today's schedule...

9am	workshop "Naming Names"	John Elder	meet on porch of Inn
9am	reading	David Gewanter Ursula Hegi	Little Theater
10:10-12:10	Workshops: Poetry & Nonfiction		see below (or check front of your packet)
10:10	Open Mike		Little Theater
12:15	rehearsal	Bread Loaf Singers	Little Theater stage
1pm.	lunch		
2:30-3:30p.m.	craft classes in fiction		(see below for locations)
4:15pm	reading	Janet Sylvester Shelby Hearon	Little Theater
5:30	Gala Reception & Hayride	(rain---> barn)	Treman Lawn & Meadow
<u>6:45</u>	dinner		
8:15	reading	Frederick Reiken Charles Baxter	Little Theater
9:30	reading	other 1/2 of waiters	Little Theater

Yadda, yadda, ya-da-da...

I THINK THE PLACEMENT OF THE STAPLE SAYS IT ALL.... Whoops, today's workshop locations: POETS---> Ali-Library Up (Apple Cellar entrance); Collier-Library Up (front entrance); Flint-Barn 6; Frost-Barn 3; Orlen-Barn 4; Phillips-Barn 5; Wright-Barn West; NONFICTION---> Wilkinson-Barn 2; Williams-Barn 1

NAMING NAMES... with John Elder... This is a *stroll*, but be sure to bring water. 9am on the front porch of the Inn, and you're off....

CRAFTY CRAFTY CRAFT CLASSES: Reiken-Barn 3; Hegi-Barn 1; Baker-Barn 2

TOP TEN BOOKS ACCORDING TO THE BREAD LOAFERS WHO WENT IN FOR THE SURVEY... Patrick Kavanagh extends his thanks to everyone who submitted suggestions for the top English-language novels. 32 Bread Loafers responded and mentioned just under 200 titles. Here goes (drumroll please, Gary): **10(tie)**-The Catcher in the Rye by J.D. Salinger / Pale Fire by Vladimir Nabokov; **9**-Under the Volcano by Malcolm Lowry; **8**-Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain; **7**-To the Lighthouse by Virginia Woolf; **6**-The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald; **5**-Middlemarch by George Eliot; **4**-The Sound and the Fury by William Faulkner; **3**-Beloved by Toni Morrison; **2**-Lolita by Vladimir Nabokov; and the **#1** book-Ulysses by James Joyce.

I JUST LOVE THE WAY YOU CARRIED MY CASHEW CHILI......the other 1/2 of our amazing waiters will wow you in the theater at 9:30pm tonight. Stay awake and let them show you why they're *really* here.

SALE ON BOOKS: Beginning today everything in the bookstore is 20% off—well, not *everything*.

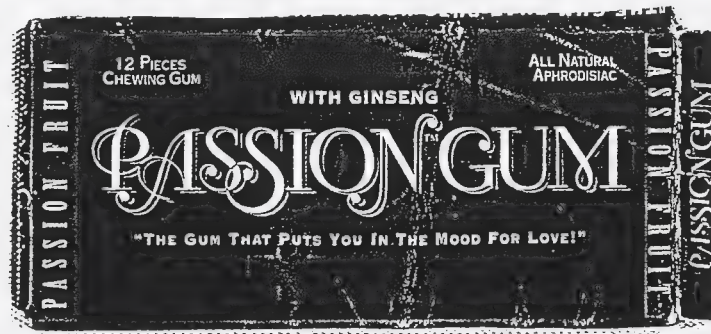
& SPEAKING OF GREAT DEALS: Samples of various journals (*AGNI, Sonora Review, New England Review*, etc.) are available in the library for free on a first come first serve basis.

HOW'D WE DO? Please return those evaluations to the office as soon as possible.

GIVE IT BACK: Jeez. Please remember to return any checked-out library books before you leave the conference. Like by Saturday. Please.

WHO CHEWS IT? Certainly Dr. Crumb does.

YUM →



IF YOU PLAN TO SPROUT WINGS...and fly away, please remember to pay for your taxi deposit by 10am Friday. In case you haven't noticed, there's this huge white board with taxi times and names and all sorts of interesting, pertinent information stationed just far enough away from the front desk that you could trip over it. Don't. Read it instead.

TIP: the waiters. Tip the waiters. Tip the waiters well. \$\$ for the waiters can be dropped off at the front desk (where they take checks, have change and big envelopes with which to collect your dough) by Saturday night. Tips for housekeeping should be dropped off there as well, though you can even do that on Sunday.

SO, WHO JUST GOT HERE?... Gretchen Mazur, a fiction fellow last year, arrives today.

INNIE OR OUTIE? If you signed up for the Belly Dancing workshop, know this: it has been scheduled to meet from 3:30-5:00pm on Saturday, August 22nd in Barn West. Come dressed for a work-out.

(IAN POUNDS, KISS YOUR FURRY CHEEKS GOOD-BYE, SATURDAY'S JUST A DAY AWAY)

OVERHEARD AT THE BARN LAST NIGHT:

"I can't stop thinking about vacuum cleaners. But maybe I just miss my husband"

IN WORKSHOP:

"As an ex-minimalist, let me tell you: a little bit goes a long, long way."

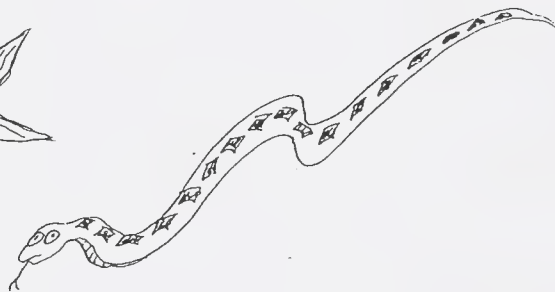
new feature:

the "I was *totally* listening during your reading" page*

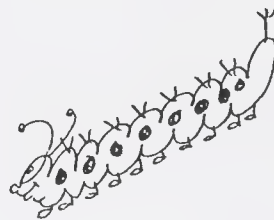


John 8/17/88

sarah →



← *sarah* →
↓



Chris Bayle



F. Martin

*(joke)

& here's a little taste of today's readings...

**from "Modern Times" in The Mark of Flesh
by Janet Sylvester**

Remember those one-night stands that mattered?
Passion in a delighted arc achieved
entirely between the larger accidents
of loss? A whole phylogeny of gestures,
beginning with small kisses curved to the line
of cheek and collarbone, became the great kiss,
unresisting flesh on flesh, pulled tight
for just that time. The gorgeous indifference.
Such perfection transformed into friendship
sometimes. It was nearly universal.



**from Stones From the River
by Ursula Hegi**

As a child Trudi Montag thought everyone knew what went on inside others. That was before she understood the power of being different. The agony of being different. And the sin of ranting against an ineffective God. But before that—for years and years before that—she prayed to grow.

Every night she would fall asleep with the prayer that, while she slept, her body would stretch itself, grow to the size of that of other girls her age in Burgdorf—not even the taller ones like Eva Rosen, who would become her best friend in school for a brief time—but into a body with normal-length arms and legs and with a small, well-shaped head. To help God along, Trudi would hand from door frames by her fingers until they were numb, convinced she could feel her bones lengthening; many nights she'd tie her mother's silk scarves around her head—one encircling her forehead, the other knotted beneath her chin—to keep her head from expanding.

**from "The Lost Art of Timber Framing" in The Odd Sea
by Frederick Reiken**

Almost two years after Ethan vanished, we found his shoe. More specifically, his left pond sneaker—a canvas Nike trainer with a large hole in the toe. Halley discovered it in mid-April, while she was raking out a long-neglected patch of ivy, under a lilac tree that stands close to the end of our gravel driveway. Holding the sneaker by its rubber toe, she carried it straight up to my bedroom, where she placed it on the floor. We knew we shouldn't really touch it, so we just watched the thing in silence. I leaned down close and looked inside, although not sure what I hoped to see. The inner sole was black but had some sort of whit fungus growing pout of it. I recall staring hard at this fungus, all the while feeling as if I were gazing at some visible, living form of Ethan's absence.

**from "The Disappeared" in A Relative Stranger
by Charles Baxter**

His right arm rose. He pointed at a baby whose skin was the color of clay, the color of polished bronze or flames. Now the nurse was wheeling the baby he had pointed to closer to the window. When it was directly in front of him, she left it there, returning to the back of the nursery. Standing on the other side of the glass, staring down at the sleeping infant, he tapped on the panel twice and waved, as he thought fathers should. The baby did not awaken. Anders put his hand in his pocket...then pressed his forehead against the glass of the window and recovered himself. He stood for what seemed to him a long time, before taking the elevator down to the ground floor and stepping out onto the front sidewalk, and to the air, which smelled as it always had, of powerful combustible materials and their traces, fire and ash.



the CRUMB

Saturday, August 22 1998

today's schedule...

(sleep late)

10:10-12:10 Workshops: Fiction

12:15 rehearsal

1pm. **lunch**

2:30 reading

6:30 **dinner**

7:45pm Public Shaving

8:15 reading

9:30ish slide show

10:00ish **DANCE IT ALL AWAY...**

10:00 sharp board games

see below (or check front of your packet)

Bread Loaf Singers

Little Theater stage

Carol Johnson

Robert Cohen

Little Theater

Ian Pounds

by Ray McDaniel

Martha Cooley

Jay Parini

Agha Shahid Ali

porch of Bridgeman

Little Theater

Little Theater

Barn

Blue Parlor



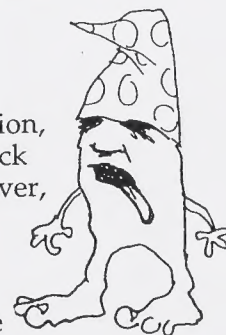
And another thing...

A BIG FURRY THANK YOU... On behalf of Dr. CRUMB and the entire staff—production, circulation, advertising, copy, research, and editorial— we offer large, round thanks to Buck Sleeper, Sarah Messer, Rick Reiken, Martin Walls, Charlie Baxter, Susan Orlean, Anna Oliver, Norton Girault, the unbelievable Judy Budnitz, and all the other folks who donated art, eavesdropped or otherwise contributed to this summer's bucket of CRUMB.

THE GRAND FINALE: A PUBLIC SHAVING... 7:45pm, post-banquet, but prior to the evening's reading, Ray McDaniel will remove the fur from Ian Pounds' face in a public display on the porch of Bridgeman (next to Treman). Escort of the shaved will follow. All are welcome.

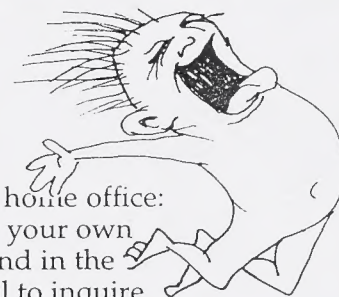
WHAT SPECTACULAR MARGINS YOU HAVE... Final fiction workshops meet where they've been meeting all along.

MONEY, TRAVEL, & GOOD LOOKS... Meaning, pick up your photos if you ordered them, be sure that you left a deposit for a taxi if you needed to, and be prompt in meeting the taxi when it comes for you. That's all.





2



SERGEANT MAJOR KNAUSS EXPLAINS IT ALL TO YOU... Tips from the home office:

1) set your alarm clock for tomorrow—if you miss your taxi, you're responsible for your own transportation; 2) check under your bed, in the nooks and crannies of that closet and in the dressers. Then check again. The Sgt. would like to make it clear that when you call to inquire after the well-being of your wayward possessions, abandoned in lonely drawers or closets, she plans to say, "I told you so."

WHAT, ME BORING? It was brought to the attention of Patrick Kavanagh, that a number of people observed the Bread Loaf Top Ten (CRUMB - August 21) was "unremarkable," "conventional," and "no big whoop." To which end, he has wrangled another list—a list of sample titles who failed to make the top ten, but which were ranked number one by at least one person: White Noise by Don DeLillo; The Bone People by Keri Hulme; Crossing to Safety by Wallace Stegner; The Bridge of San Luis Rey by Thornton Wilder; Revolutionary Road by Richard Yates; Second Coming by Walker Percy; We the Living by Ayn Rand; Invisible Man by Ralph Ellison; The House of by Ivan Doig; and Two Serious Ladies by Jane Bowles.

AL HUDGINS: Director of the Bread Loaf Singers wants to thank the group for taking the time out each day to work on music: Sopranos Susanna Jones, Carol Knauss, Lalita Noronha, Marcella Pixley, and Elizabeth Rouse; Altos Martha Moore Davis, Jennifer Harris, Zahr Said, Libby Stott, Pilar Tan, and Jeanette Tryon; Tenors Roy Ahn, Lindy Coggeshall, JoEllen Collins, Bryan Foster, Meredith Davies Hadaway, and Elissa Matthews;; and Basses Richard Geldard, Rob McKean, and David Taylor. Special thanks to Jeanette for being the rehearsal accompanist. The singers will perform tonight before the final reading.

OVERHEARD IN THE BREAKFAST LINE:

"...I don't know if it will last beyond Bread Loaf, but..."

OVERHEARD AT BREAKFAST:

"Joseph Cambell? Oh please. Anyone who can spin a heterosexual narrative out of Gilgamesh is insane in my book."

& here's a little taste of a few of today's readings...

from **Claudia Johnson**

March 8, 1986:

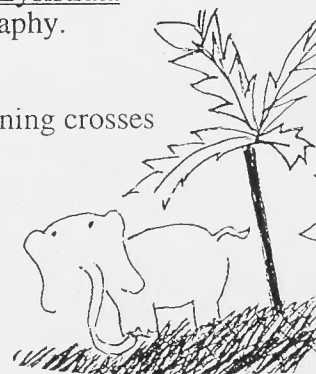
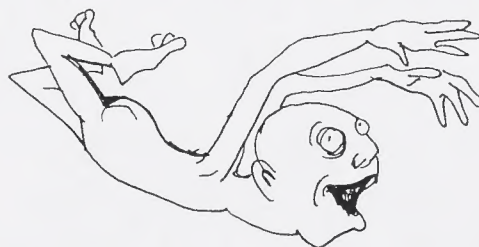
I'm sitting by my father's pool in south Florida. It's a pleasant spring night; the mullet are jumping in the deep water canal beyond the pool's screened enclosure. My husband, the folklorist Ormond Loomis, is regaling my father about life in Lake City, the small north Florida town where we live. Anne and Ross, our two children, are already sleeping.

Ormond mentions a minister back in Lake City, a man named Fritz Fountain, who wants the school board to ban the high school humanities textbook because two selections—Lysistrata and "The Miller's Tale" promote, in the preacher's opinion, women's lib and pornography.

I set down my scotch mist and snap, "He did what?"

I can tell by the look on his face that he knows what I'm thinking.

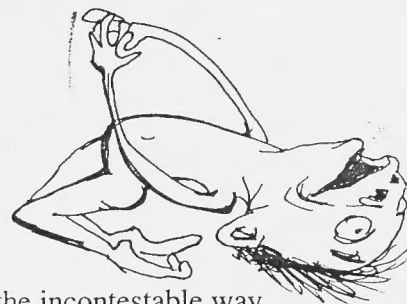
"Oh, don't get involved," he says, "please don't get involved. They'll be burning crosses in our front yard."



from The Archivist
by Martha Cooley



(3)



Books never cease to astonish me. When I was a child, I knew—in the incontestable way that children know things—that God was an author who'd imagined me, which is why I (and everyone else) existed: to populate his narrative. My task was to imagine God in return: this was all He and I owed each other.

Between people it is less clear what is owed. Yet perhaps what's called love is really an empathetic and hungry imagination. One must be willing to enter other stories—even terrifying or dangerous ones, or those of uncertain outcome.

from chapter 1, "In Flight" in The Here and Now
by Robert Cohen

I met Magda high above the earth. It was a triangular excursion—New York to Houston, via Chicago—and we were on the second leg, an hour out of O'Hare and rumbling south. I sat brooding by the window in a cone of light. Magda was two seats away on the aisle: thin, long-nosed, eyes like teardrops, skin so silky it bordered on translucent and threatened, if one looked closely enough, to reveal every hidden capillary in her face. Only I was not looking closely, not just then. The sun, glancing off the wing, was in my eyes, and I was preoccupied by affairs left half-completed behind me, and so nothing, not even the hazy spectacle of the heartland below us, scarred and pulsing in the midsummer heat, quite had the power to touch me.

from title poem in The Country Without a Post Office
by Agha Shahid Ali

This is your pain. You must feel it. Feel it,
Heart, be faithful to his mad refrain—
For he soaked the wicks of clay lamps,
lit them each night as he climbed these steps
to read messages scratched on planets.
His hands were seals to cancel the stamps.
This is an archive. I've found the remains
of his voice, that map of longings with no limit.

